A LETTER OF THE AVthors, expounding his whole intention in the *course of this worke: which for that it giueth great* light to the Reader, for the better vnderstanding is herevnto annexed.

To the right noble and valorous, Sir *Walter Raleigh, Knight, Lo: Wardein of the Stanneries, & her Maiesties Lieutenaunt of the Countie of Cornewayll.*

SIR, knowing how doubtfully all Allegories may be construed, and this booke of mine, which I haue entituled *The Faery Queene*, being a continued Allegorie, or darke conceit, I haue thought good, as well for auoyding of iealous opinions & misconstructions, as also for your better light in reading thereof, (being so by you commaunded) to discouer vnto you the generall intention and meaning, which in the whole course thereof I haue fashioned, without expressing of any particular purposes or by-accidents therein occasioned. The generall end therefore of all the booke, is to fashion a gentleman or noble person in vertuous and gentle discipline. Which for that I conceiued should be most plausible and pleasing, beeing coloured with an historicall fiction, the which the most part of men delight to read, rather for varietie of matter, then for profit of the ensample: I chose the historie of King *Arthure*, as most fit for the excellencie of his person, beeing made famous by many mens former workes, and also furthest from the danger of enuie, and suspicion of present time. In which I haue followed all the antique Poets historicall: first *Homer*, who in the persons of *Agamemnon* and *Vlysses*, hath ensampled a good Gouernour and a vertuous man, the one in his *Ilias*,

the other in his *Odyſſeis*: then *Virgil*, whoſe like intention was to doe in the perſon of *Aeneas*: after him *Arioſto* compriſed them both in his *Orlando:* and lately *Taſſo* diſſeuered them againe, and formed both parts in two perſons, namely, that part which they in Philoſophy call *Ethice*, or vertues of a priuate man, coloured in his *Rinaldo:* The other named *Politice* in his *Godfredo.* By enſample of which excellent Poets, I labour to pourtraict in *Arthure*, before he was King, the image of a braue Knight, perfected in the twelue priuate morall vertues, as *Ariſtotle* hath deuiſed, the which is the purpoſe of theſe firſt twelue bookes: which if I find to be well accepted, I may be perhaps encouraged, to frame the other part of politike vertues in his perſon, after that he came to bee King.

To ſome I knowe this method will ſeeme diſpleaſant, which had rather haue good diſcipline deliuered plainly in way of precepts, or ſermoned at large, as they vſe, then thus clowdily enwrapped in Allegoricall deuiſes. But ſuch, mee ſeeme, ſhould be ſatisfied with the vſe of theſe dayes, ſeeing all things accounted by their ſhowes, and nothing eſteemed of, that is not delightfull and pleaſing to common ſenſe. For this cauſe is *Xenophon* preferred before *Plato*, for that the one in the exquiſite depth of his iudgement, formed a Common-wealth ſuch as it ſhould be; but the other, in the perſon of *Cyrus* and the *Perſians*, faſhioned a gouernment ſuch as might beſt be: So much more profitable and gracious is doctrine by enſample, then by rule. So haue I laboured to doe in the perſon of *Arthure:* whom I conceiue, after his long education by *Timon* (to whom hee was by *Merlin* deliuered to be brought vp, ſo ſoone as hee was borne of the Lady *Igrayne*) to haue ſeene in a dreame or viſion the *Faerie Queene*, with whoſe excellent beautie rauiſhed, hee awaking, reſolued to ſeeke her out: and ſo beeing by *Merlin* armed, and by *Timon* throughly inſtructed, he went to ſeek her forth in *Faery Land.* In that *Faery Queene*, I meane glory in my generall intention: but in my particular, I conceiue the moſt excellent and glorious perſon of our ſoueraigne the Queene, and her kingdome in *Faery Land.* And yet in ſome places elſe, I doe otherwiſe ſhadow her. For conſidering ſhee beareth two perſons, the one of a moſt royall Queene or Empreſſe, the other of a moſt vertuous and beautifull Lady, this latter part in ſome places I doe expreſſe in *Belphœbe*, faſhioning her Name according to your owne excellent conceit of *Cynthia*, (*Phœbe* and *Cynthia* beeing both names of *Diana.*) So in the perſon of Prince *Arthure*, I ſette foorth *Magnificence* in particular, which vertue, for that (according to *Ariſtotle* and the reſt) it is the perfection of all the reſt, and containeth in it them all, therefore in the whole courſe I mention the deedes of *Arthure* appliable to that vertue, which I write of in that Booke. But of the twelue other vertues, I make xii other Knights the Patrons, for the more varietie of the hiſtorie: Of which theſe three bookes containe three. The firſt, of the Knight of the *Redcroſſe*, in whō I expreſſe *Holineſſe:* The ſecond of Sir *Guyon*, in whom I ſet foorth

Temperance:

Temperance: The third of *Britomartis*, a Lady Knight, in whom I picture *Chaſtitie*. But becauſe the beginning of the whole worke ſeemeth abrupt, and as depending vpon other antecedents, it needs that yee know the occaſion of theſe three Knights ſeuerall aduentures. For the methode of a Poet hiſtoricall, is not ſuch as of an Hiſtoriographer. For an Hiſtoriographer diſcourſeth of affaires orderly as they were done, accounting as well the times as the actions; but a Poet thruſteth into the middeſt, euen where it moſt concerneth him, and there recourſing to the things forepaſt, and diuining of things to come, maketh a pleaſing Analyſis of all. The beginning therefore of my hiſtorie, if it were to be told by an Hiſtoriographer, ſhould be the twelfth booke, which is the laſt; where I deuiſe that the *Faery Queene* kept her Annuall feaſt twelue daies: vpon which twelue ſeuerall dayes, the occaſions of the twelue ſeuerall aduentures hapned, which beeing vndertaken by twelue ſeuerall Knights, are in theſe twelue books ſeuerally handled and diſcourſed.

The firſt was this: In the beginning of the feaſt, there preſented himſelfe a tall clowniſh young man, who falling before the *Queen of Faeries*, deſired a boone (as the manner then was) which during that feaſt ſhe might not refuſe: which was, that hee might haue the atchieuement of any aduenture, which during that feaſt ſhould happen; that beeing granted, he reſted himſelfe on the floore, vnfit through his ruſticitie for a better place. Soone after entred a faire Ladie in mourning weedes, riding on a white Aſſe, with a Dwarfe behind her leading a warlike ſteed, that bore the armes of a Knight, and his ſpeare in the Dwarfes hand. She falling before the *Queene of Faeries*, complayned that her father and mother, an ancient King & Queene, had been by an huge Dragon many yeeres ſhut vp in a brazen Caſtle, who thence ſuffered them not to iſſue: and therfore beſought the *Faery Queene* to aſsigne her ſome one of her Knights to take on him that exploit. Preſently that clowniſh perſon vpſtarting, deſired that aduenture: whereat the Queene much wondering, and the Lady much gaine-ſaying, yet he earneſtly importuned his deſire. In the end, the Lady told him, vnleſſe that Armour which ſhee brought, would ſerue him (that is, the armour of a Chriſtian man ſpecified by Saint Paul, v. Epheſ.) that hee could not ſucceed in that enterpriſe: which beeing forth-with put vpon him with due furnitures therevnto, he ſeemed the goodlieſt man in all that company, and was well liked of the Lady. And eftſoones taking on him knighthood, & mounting on that ſtrange Courſer, hee went forth with her on that aduenture: vvhere beginneth the firſt booke, viz.

A gentle Knight was pricking on the Plaine, &c.

The ſecond day there came in a Palmer bearing an Infant with bloodie hands, whoſe Parents he complained to haue been ſlaine by an Enchauntereſſe called *Acraſia*: and therefore craued of the *Faery Queene*, to appoint him ſome Knight, to performe that aduenture, which beeing aſsigned to

Sir *Guyon*, he preſently went foorth with that ſame Palmer: which is the beginning of the ſecond booke and the whole ſubiect thereof. The third day there came in a Groome, who complained before the *Faery Queene*, that a vile Enchaunter called *Buſirane*, had in hand a moſt faire Lady called *Amoretta*, whom he kept in moſt grieuous torment, becauſe ſhe would not yeeld him the pleaſure of her body. Whereupon Sir *Scudamour* the louer of that Lady preſently tooke on him that aduenture. But beeing vnable to performe it by reaſon of the hard Enchauntments, after long ſorrow, in the end met with *Britomartis*, who ſuccoured him, and reskewed his loue.

But by occaſion heereof, many other aduentures are intermedled, but rather as Accidents, then intendments: As, the loue of *Britomart*, the ouerthrow of *Marinell*, the miſerie of *Florimell*, the vertuouſneſſe of *Belphœbe*, the laſciuiouſnes of *Hellenora*, and many the like.

Thus much Sir, I haue briefely ouer-run to direct your vnderſtanding to the wel-head of the Hiſtory, that from thence gathering the whole intention of the conceit, ye may as in a handfull gripe all the diſcourſe, which otherwiſe may happely ſeeme tedious and confuſed. So humbly crauing the continuance of your honourable fauour towards me, and th'eternall eſtabliſhment of your happines, I humbly take leaue.

23. Ianuarie. 1589.

Yours moſt humbly affectionate,

Edm. Spenſer.

A VISION VPON THIS conceit of the *Faery Queene*.

ME thought I ſaw the graue where *Laura* lay,
Within that Temple, where the Veſtall flame
Was wont to burne; and paſsing by that way,
To ſee that buried duſt of liuing fame,
Whoſe tombe faire loue, and fairer vertue kept,
All ſuddenly I ſaw the *Faery Queene*:
At whoſe approach the ſoule of *Petrarch* wept,
And from thence-forth thoſe Graces were not ſeene.
For they this Queene attended; in whoſe ſteed
Obliuion laid him downe on *Lauras* herſe:
Hereat the hardeſt ſtones were ſeene to bleed,
And grones of buried ghoſts the heauens did perſe.
Where *Homers* ſpright did tremble all for griefe,
And curſt th'acceſſe of that celeſtiall thiefe.

Another of the ſame.

THE praiſe of meaner wits this worke like profit brings,
As doth the Cuckoes ſong delight when Philumena *ſings.*
If thou haſt formed right true vertues face heerein:
Vertue her ſelfe can beſt diſcerne, to whom they written bin.
If thou haſt beauty praiſd, let her ſole lookes diuine,
Iudge if ought therein be amiſſe, and mend it by her eyne.
If Chaſtitie want ought, or Temperance her dew,
Behold her Princely mind aright, and write thy Queene anew.
Meane-while ſhe ſhall perceiue, how far her vertues ſore
Aboue the reach of all that liue, or ſuch as wrote of yore:
And thereby will excuſe and fauour thy good will:
Whoſe vertue cannot be expreſt, but by an Angels quill.
Of me no lines are lou'd, nor letters are of price,
Of all which ſpeake our Engliſh tongue, but thoſe of thy deuice.

W. R.

To the learned Shepheard.

COLLIN, I ſee by thy new taken taske,
ſome ſacred fury hath enricht thy braines,
That leades thy Muſe in haughty verſe to maske,
and loathe the layes that long to lowely swaines.
That lifts thy notes from Shepheards vnto Kings,
So like the liuely Larke that mounting ſings.
Thy louely ROSALIND ſeemes now forlorne,
and all thy gentle flocks forgotten quight:
Thy changed hart now holds thy pipes in ſcorne,
thoſe prety pipes that did thy mates delight;
Thoſe truſtie mates, that loued thee ſo well,
Whom thou gau'ſt mirth: as they gaue thee the bell.

To the learned Shepheard.

Yet as thou earſt with thy ſweete roundelayes,
  didſt ſtirre to glee our laddes in homely bowers:
So mought'ſt thou now in theſe refined layes,
  delight the daintie eares of higher powers.
And ſo mought they in their deepe skanning skill,
Allow and grace our COLLINS flowing quill.

And faire befal that *Faerie Queene* of thine,
  in whoſe faire eyes loue linkt with vertue ſits:
Enfuſing by thoſe beauties fiers diuine,
  ſuch high conceits into thy humble wits,
As raiſed hath poore paſtors oaten reedes,
From ruſtick tunes, to chaunt heroick deedes.

So mought thy *Redcroſſe-Knight* with happy hand
  victorious be in that faire Ilands right:
Which thou dooſt veile in Type of *Faery Land*,
  ELYZAS bleſſed field, that *Albyon* hight.
That ſhields her friends, and warres her mighty foes,
Yet ſtill with people, peace, and plentie floes.

But (iolly ſhepheard) though with pleaſing ſtile,
  thou feaſt the humour of the Courtly traine:
Let not conceit thy ſetled ſenſe beguile,
  ne daunted be through enuy or diſdaine.
Subiect thy doome to her Empyring ſpright,
From whence thy Muſe, and all the world takes light.

Hobbynoll.

FAyre *Thamis* ſtreame, that from LVDS ſtately
  vnſt paying tribute to the Ocean ſeas, (towne,
Let all thy Nymphes and Syrens of renowne
Be ſilent, while this Bryttane ORPHEVS playes:
Neere thy ſweet banks, there liues that ſacred crowne,
Whoſe hand ſtrowes Palme and neuer-dying bayes,
Let all at once, with thy ſoft murmuring ſowne
Preſent her with this worthy Poets prayes.
  For he hath taught hie drifts in ſhepheards weeds,
  And deepe conceits now ſings in *Faeries* deeds.

R. S.

GRaue Muſes, march in tryumph and with praiſes,
  Our Goddeſſe heere hath giuen you leaue to land:
  And bids this rare diſpenſer of your graces
Bow downe his brow vnto her ſacred hand.
Deſerts finds due in that moſt princely doome,
In whoſe ſweet breſt are all the Muſes bredde:
So did that great AVGVSTVS earſt in Roome
With leaues of fame adorne his Poets hedde.
  Faire be the guerdon of your *Faery Queene*,
  Euen of the faireſt that the world hath ſeene.

H. B.

WHen ſtout *Achilles* heard of *Helens* rape,
  And what reuenge the States of Greece deuis'd:
  Thinking by ſleight the fatall warres to ſcape,
In womans weedes himſelfe he then diſguis'd:
  But this deuiſe *Vlyſſes* ſoone did ſpy,
  And brought him forth, the chance of war to try.

When *Spenſer* ſaw the fame was ſpred ſo large,
Through *Faery-Land*, of their renowned Queene:
Loth that his Muſe ſhould take ſo great a charge,
As in ſuch haughty matter to be ſeene,
  To ſeeme a ſhepheard then he made his choice,
  But *Sidney* heard him ſing, and knew his voice.

And as *Vlyſſes* brought faire *Thetis* ſonne
From his retyred life to menage armes:
So *Spenſer* was by *Sidneys* ſpeeches wonne,
To blaze her fame, not fearing future harmes:
  For well he knew, his Muſe would ſoone be tyred
  In her high praiſe, that all the world admired.

Yet as *Achilles* in thoſe warlike frayes,
Did win the Palme from all the Grecian Peeres:
So *Spenſer* now to his immortall praiſe,
Hath wonne the Laurell quite from all his feeres.
  What though his taske exceed a humaine wit,
  He is excus'd, ſith *Sidney* thought it fit.

W. L.

TO looke vpon a worke of rare deuiſe
  The which a workman ſetteth out to view,
  And not to yeeld it the deſerued priſe,
That vnto ſuch a workmanſhip is dew,
  Doth either proue the iudgement to be naught,
  Or elſe doth ſhew a mind with enuy fraught.

To labour to commend a peece of worke,
Which no man goes about to diſcommend,
Would raiſe a iealous doubt, that there did lurke
Some ſecret doubt, whereto the praiſe did tend.
  For when men know the goodnes of the wine,
  T'is needleſſe for the hoaſt to haue a ſigne.

Thus then to ſhew my iudgement to be ſuch
As can diſcerne of colours black, and white,
As alls to free my mind from enuies tuch,
That neuer giues to any man his right,
  I heere pronounce this workmanſhip is ſuch,
  As that no pen can ſet it forth too much.

And thus I hang a garland at the dore,
Not for to ſhew the goodnes of the ware:
But ſuch hath been the cuſtome heeretofore,
And cuſtomes very hardly broken are.
  And when your taſte ſhall tell you this is trew,
  Then looke you giue your hoaſt his vtmoſt dew.

Ignoto.

To the right honourable Sir *Chriſtopher Hatton*,
Lord high Chauncelor of England, &c.

(*_*)

THoſe prudent heads, that with their counſels wiſe
Whilome the pillours of th'earth did ſuſtaine,
And taught ambitious *Rome* to tyranniſe,
And in the neck of all the world to raine,
Oft from thoſe graue affaires were wont abſtaine,
With the ſweet Lady Muſes for to play:
So *Ennius* the elder Africane,
So *Maro* oft did *Cæſars* cares allay.
So you great Lord, that with your counſell ſway
The burden of this kingdome mightily,
With like delights ſometimes may eke delay
The rugged brow of carefull Policie:
And to theſe idle rimes lend little ſpace,
Which for their titles ſake may find more grace.

E. S.

To the right honourable the Lo. *Burleigh*, Lord high Treaſurer of England.

TO you right noble Lord, whoſe carefull breſt
To menage of moſt graue affaires is bent,
And on whoſe mightie ſhoulders moſt doth reſt
The burden of this kingdomes gouernment,
As the wide compaſſe of the firmament,
On Atlas *mighty ſhoulders is vpſtaid;*
Vnfitly I theſe idle rimes preſent,
The labour of loſt time, and wit vnſtaid:
Yet if their deeper ſenſe be inly waid,
And the dim veile, with which from common view
Their fairer parts are hid, aſide be laid,
Perhaps not vaine they may appeare to you.
Such as they be, vouchſafe them to receaue,
And wipe their faults out of your cenſure graue.

E. S.

To the right honourable the Earle of *Oxenford*, *Lord high Chamberlaine of England.*

REceiue moſt noble Lord, in gentle grec,
The vnripe fruite of an vnready wit:
Which by thy countenaunce doth craue to bee
Defended from foule Enuies poyſnous bit.
Which ſo to doe may thee right well beſit,
Sith th'antique glory of thine anceſtry
Vnder a ſhady veile is therein writ,
And eke thine owne long liuing memory,
Succeeding them in true nobility:
And alſo for the loue, which thou dooſt beare
To th'*Heliconian* Imps, and they to thee;
They vnto thee, and thou to them moſt deare:
Deare as thou art vnto thy ſelfe, ſo loue
That loues and honours thee, as doth behoue.

E. S.

To the right honourable the Earle of *Northumberland.*

THe ſacred Muſes haue made alwaies clame
To be the Nourſes of Nobility,
And Regiſtres of euerlaſting fame,
To all that armes profeſſe and cheualry.
Then by like right the noble Progeny,
Which them ſucceed in fame and worth, are tyde
T'embrace the ſeruice of ſweet Poetry,
By whoſe endeuours they are glorifide,
And eke from all, of whom it is enuide,
To patronize the authour of their praiſe,
Which giues them life, that elſe would ſoone haue dide,
And crownes their aſhes with immortall baies.
To thee therefore, right noble Lord, I ſend
This preſent of my paines, it to defend.

E. S.

To the right honourable the Earle of *Cumberland.*

RFdoubted Lord, in whoſe courageous mind
The flowre of cheualry now blooſming faire,
Doth promiſe fruit worthy the noble kind,
Which of their praiſes haue left you the haire;
To you this humble preſent I prepare,
For loue of vertue and of Martiall praiſe.
To which though nobly ye inclined are,
As goodly well ye ſhewd in late aſſaies,
Yet braue enſample of long paſſed daies,
In which true honour ye may faſhiond ſee,
To like deſire of honour may ye raiſe,
And fill your mind with magnanimitee.
Receiue it Lord therefore as it was ment,
For honor of your name and high deſcent.

E. S.

To the moſt honourable and excellent Lord, the Earle of Eſſex, Great Maiſter of the Horſe to her Highneſſe, and Knight of the Noble order of the Garter, &c.

MAgnificke Lord, whoſe vertues excellent
Doe merit a moſt famous Poets wit,
To be thy liuing praiſes inſtrument
Yet doe not ſdeigne, to let thy name be writ
In this baſe Poëme, for thee far vnfit.
Nought is thy worth diſparaged thereby:
But when my Muſe, whoſe feathers nothing flit
Doe yet but flagge, and lowly learne to fly
With bolder wing ſhall dare aloft to ſty
To the laſt praiſes of this Faery Queene,
Then ſhall it make more famous memory
Of thine Heroïcke parts, ſuch as they beene.
Till then vouchſafe thy noble countenaunce,
To theſe firſt labours needed furtherance.

E. S.

To the right honourable the Earle of *Ormond and Oſſorie*.

REceiue moſt noble Lord a ſimple taſte
Of the wilde fruit, which ſauage ſoyle hath bred,
Which beeing through long wars left almoſt waſte,
With brutiſh barbariſme is ouerſpred:
And in ſo faire a Land, as may be red,
Not one *Parnaſſus*, nor one *Helicon*
Left for ſweet Muſes to be harboured,
But where thy ſelfe haſt thy braue manſion;
There in deed dwell faire Graces many one,
And gentle Nymphes; delights of learned wits,
And in thy perſon without Paragone
All goodly bounty and true honour ſits.
Such therefore, as that waſted ſoyle doth yield,
Receiue deare Lord in worth, the fruit of barren field.

E. S.

To the right honourable the Lô. Ch. Howard, *Lo.* high Admirall of England, Knight of the noble order of the Garter, and one of her Maieſties priuie Councell, &c.

ANd yee, braue Lord, whoſe goodly perſonage,
And noble deeds each other garniſhing,
Make you enſample to the preſent age,
Of th'old Heroës, whoſe famous ofspring
The antique Poets wont ſo much to ſing,
In this ſame Pageant haue a worthy place,
Sith thoſe huge caſtles of Caſtilian *king,*
That vainly threatned kingdoms to diſplace,
Like flying Doues ye did before you chace;
And that proud people woxen inſolent
Through many victories, didſt firſt deface:
Thy praiſes euerlaſting monument
Is in this verſe engrauen ſemblably,
That it may liue to all poſterity.

E. S.

To the right honourable the Lord of *Hunſdon*,

High Chamberlaine to her Maieſtie.

REnowned Lord, that for your worthineſſe
And noble deeds haue your deſerued place,
High in the fauour of that Empereſſe,
The worlds ſole glory, and her ſexes grace,
Heere eke of right haue you a worthy place,
Both for your neerneſs to that *Faery Queene*,
And for your owne high merit in like caſe:
Of which, apparant proofe was to be ſeene,
When that tumultuous rage and fearefull deene
Of Northerne rebels ye did pacifie,
And their diſloyall powre defaced clene,
The record of enduring memory.
Liue Lord for euer in this laſting verſe,
That all poſteritie thy honor may reherſe.

E. S.

To the moſt renowned and valiant Lord, the *Lord Grey of Wilton, Knight of the noble* order of the Garter, &c.

MOſt noble Lord, the pillor of my life,
And Patrone of my Muſes pupillage,
Through whoſe large bountie poured on me rife,
In the firſt ſeaſon of my feeble age,
I now doe liue, bound yours by vaſſalage:
Sith nothing euer may redeeme, nor reaue
Out of your endleſſe debt ſo ſure a gage,
Vouchſafe in worth this ſmall gift to receaue,
Which in your noble hands for pledge I leaue
Of all the reſt, that I am tyde t'account:
Rude rimes, the which a ruſtick Muſe did weaue
In ſauage ſoyle, far from Parnaſſo *mount,*
And roughly wrought in an vnlearned Loome:
The which vouchſafe, deere Lord, your fauourable doome.

E. S.

To the right honourable the Lord of *Buckhurſt*, *one of her Maieſties priuie Councell.*

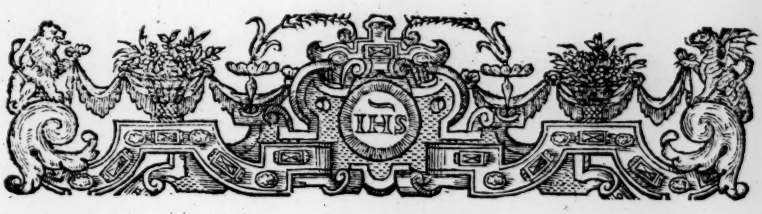
IN vaine I thinke (right honourable Lord)
By this rude rime to memorize thy name;
Whoſe learned Muſe hath writ her owne record,
In golden verſe, worthy immortall fame:
Thou much more fit, (were leiſure to the ſame)
Thy gracious Soueraignes praiſes to compile,
And her imperiall Maieſtie to frame,
In loftie numbers and heroïck ſtile.
But ſith thou maiſt not ſo, giue leaue a while
To baſer wit, his power therein to ſpend,
Whoſe groſſe defaults thy daintie pen may file,
And vnaduiſed ouerſights amend.
But euermore vouchſafe it to maintaine
Againſt vile *Zoylus* backbitings vaine.

E. S.

¶ To the right honourable Sir *Fr. Walſingham*, *Knight, principall Secretarie to her Maieſtie, and* of her honourable priuie Councell.

THat Mantuane *Poets incompared ſpirit,*
Whoſe girland now is ſet in higheſt place,
Had not Mecœnas *for his worthy merit,*
It firſt aduaunſt to great Auguſtus *grace,*
Might long (perhaps) haue lien in ſilence baſe,
Ne been ſo much admir'd of later age.
This lowely Muſe, that learnes like ſteps to trace,
Flies for like aide vnto your Patronage,
That are the great Mecœnas *of this age;*
As well to all that ciuill artes profeſſe,
As thoſe that are inſpir'd with Martiall rage,
And craues protection of her feeblenesſe:
Which if ye yeeld, perhaps ye may her raiſe
In bigger tunes to ſound your liuing praiſe.

E. S.



TO THE RIGHT NOBLE Lord and moſt valiant Captaine, Sir *Ioh. Norris*, Knight, Lord Preſident of Mounſter.

WHo euer gaue more honourable prize
To the ſweet Muſe, then did the Martiall crew;
That their braue deeds ſhe might immortalize
In her ſhrill tromp, and ſound their praiſes dew?
Who then ought more to fauour her, then you
Moſt noble Lord, the honor of this age,
And Precedent of all that Armes enſue?
Whoſe warlike proweſſe and manly courage,
Tempred with reaſon and aduizement ſage
Hath fild ſad *Belgick* with victorious ſpoile,
In *France* and *Ireland* left a famous gage,
And lately ſhak't the *Luſitanian* ſoile.
Sith then each where thou haſt diſſpred thy fame,
Loue him, that hath eternized your name.

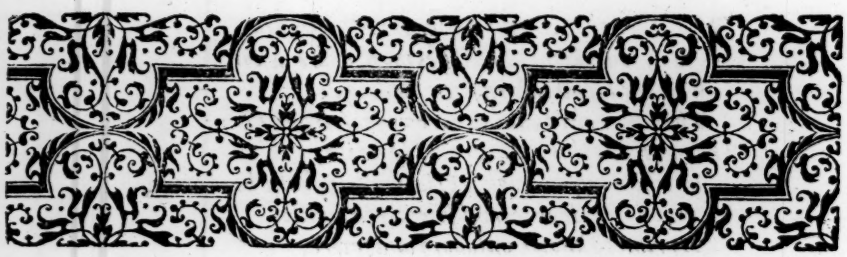
E. S.

To the noble and valorous Knight, Sir Wal. Raleigh, Lo. Wardein of the Stanneryes, and Lieutenaunt of Cornwaile.

TO thee that art the Sommers Nightingale,
Thy ſoueraigne Goddeſſes moſt deare delight,
Why doe I ſend this ruſtick Madrigale,
That may thy tunefull eare vnſeaſon quite?
Thou onely fit this Argument to write,
In whoſe high thoughts Pleaſure hath built her bowre,
And dainty loue learnd ſweetly to endite.
My rimes I knowe vnſauory and ſowre,
To taſte the ſtreames, that like a golden ſhowre
Flowe from thy fruitfull head, of thy Loues praiſe,
Fitter perhaps to thunder Martiall ſtowre,
When ſo thee liſt thy loftie Muſe to raiſe:
Yet till that thou thy Poeme wilt make knowne,
Let thy faire Cinthias *praiſes be thus rudely ſhowne.*

E. S.

TO THE RIGHT HONORA-
ble and moſt vertuous Lady, the Counteſſe *of Penbroke*.

REmembrance of that moſt Heroick ſpirit,
The heauens pride, the glory of our daies,
Which now triumpheth through immortall merit
Of his braue vertues, crownd with laſting baies
Of heauenly bliſs and euerlaſting praies;
Who firſt my Muſe did lift out of the flore,
To ſing his ſweet delights in lowlie laies;
Bids me moſt noble Lady to adore
His goodly image liuing euermore,
In the diuine reſemblance of your face;
Which with your vertues ye embelliſh more,
And natiue beautie deck with heauenly grace:
For his, and for your owne eſpeciall ſake,
Vouchſafe from him this token in good worth to take.

E. S.